

CORONATION REVIEW
CLOSES GREAT WEEKBritain's Home Fleet, 167
Strong, Inspected by King
George at Spithead.

DELAWARE REPRESENTS U. S.

Mobilization Proves Conclusively
That Only Four of the Powers
Are in the Race for Big
Armaments.

(By Cable to The Tribune.)

Portsmouth, June 24.—A floating capital has been substituted for London in the closing festivities of coronation week, and the beautiful coast beyond the entrance to Southampton water has been converted into a holiday theatre for the display of the resources of sea power for the defence of the empire.

The first sailor-king since William IV has inspected the most formidable fleet afloat, and the special coronation ensign, the regular diplomatic corps and the foreign princes have been afforded a convincing demonstration that Britannia still rules the waves. Ranged in a parallelogram six miles in length and two miles broad floated 167 British warships and eighteen foreign vessels, representing seventeen nations.

Each vessel had a rainbow circuit of lanterns for brightening the steel gray reaches of tranquil water, and after nightfall the battleships and armored cruisers were girdled with incandescent lamps and transfigured with colored searchlights.

Profound Impression Produced.

The colonial premiers and visitors must have been thrilled with pride by the exhibition of the mechanical resources for destructive warfare and impregnable defense, an exhibition which produced a profound impression of the orderly and scientific development of sea power.

Naval reviews at Spithead are alike in methods of inspection and royal visitation. The Admiralty invariably sends guests by special trains to Southampton on after dawn, and there is a full day at the water in a remote anchorage after a long lane between lines of torpedo craft, battleships, cruisers and other vessels has been traversed with deliberation. This was the experience of a large company of newspaper men and visitors.

The private craft and the number of pleasure seekers would have been greater if the shipping strike had not caused uncertainty. The morning was uneventful, but the firing of guns began when the King's yacht, the Victoria and Albert, with the coronation guests, a convoy of four torpedo boats and a flotilla of half a dozen other vessels for the accommodation of other honored visitors, started from the anchorage for passage along the wharves. The salutes soon became continuous, and snatches of music were heard from bands and cheers from the millers and marines massed on the docks.

The King's yacht, the Victoria and Albert, and his majesty's yacht, the Alexandra, the Admiralty yacht, the Euxine, and the commander in chief's yacht, the Queen followed it.

Reception on Yacht.

Ceremonious visits were received on the royal yacht from the admirals and captains of the British navy and from the commanding and flag officers of the foreign ships. The visiting officers were introduced to the King by Sir Arthur Moore, and were also presented to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who stood beside his majesty on the quarter-deck.

Such details are unimportant. What really matters is the evidence of evolution of sea power and the survival of the fittest supplied by these holiday reviews. The tonnage of the British fleet in service and ready for an emergency has increased from 575,000 to 1,000,000 since the Diamond Jubilee review in 1907.

If there are no more ships in actual numbers there has been an immense advance in defensive armaments, gun fire, sea speed and offensive resources. There were when the last coronation review was planned no Dreadnoughts afloat, and the newest ships were modeled after the formidable. Eight of these battleships are in the present fleet, but they have been hopelessly outclassed by Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts, just as belted cruisers of moderate speed have been supplanted by those of the invincible class, steaming 25 to 27 knots and mounting 12-inch guns.

Through Dreadnought Avenue.

The cruise through Dreadnought Avenue, as to-day's watery lane was called, ought to convince pessimists that the empire is fairly safe from foreign aggression, and that the Declaration of London is a more rational sea law for advanced civilization than the quarter-deck regulations of the Napoleonic wars.

The fleet reviewed to-day has cost more than \$200,000,000. Amongst its fifty-two battleships there is a whole division of eight Dreadnoughts, with the Neptune as the most formidable one, and with four battleship cruisers of an advanced type among the thirty-five armored cruisers.

Never before has there been so formidable an assemblage of armaments for a holiday parade. Both the King and the nation have cause for pride in this wonderful armada.

A column of sixteen foreign vessels illustrated the destructive nature of competition in naval construction among maritime nations. The American battleship Delaware, which had the fourth place in the line, was the largest in displacement and had the best battery, and the German armored cruiser Von der Tann, with inferior gunfire, had a speed of 27 knots.

These units, compared well with the British warships, but all the other foreign ships were hopelessly outclassed. The last among them was the Japanese armored cruiser Kurama, the French battleship Danton and the Austrian bat-

H. W. TAFT TAKES AIR RIDE

President's Brother a Passenger in Sopwith's Craft.

Henry W. Taft, brother of the President, was a passenger on an aeroplane yesterday at Nassau Boulevard, this being his first experience in the clouds. Mr. Taft was the guest of Thomas Sopwith, the British aviator, who carried his passenger to a height of three hundred feet and flew with him over the surrounding villages of Garden City, Hempstead and Mineola. When Mr. Taft alighted after his air jaunt, he appeared loath to leave the machine, and expressed his delight in enthusiastic terms.

Besides the President's brother, Sopwith carried seven other passengers on as many trips, among them being Timothy L. Woodruff and Miss Helen Marts. It was Mr. Woodruff's second excursion above the earth, and he took his seat like an oldtimer. Miss Marts, after the first shock had passed, was so delighted with the motion of the aeroplane, a Howard-Wright, that she begged to stay up longer.

Miss Helen Gould was a spectator of the flights. She was asked to take a ride with Sopwith, but remained firmly on earth.

CHASE AFTER RUNAWAYS

Bicycle Patrolman Hurt Stopping Them—Autos in Pursuit.

With Bicycle Patrolman Zimms in the lead half a dozen automobiles gave chase to a runaway team of truck horses in Seventh avenue last night from 145th street to 129th street. Zimms stopped the runaways after he had been dragged six blocks, his legs badly bruised and his bicycle wrecked.

The team took fright at 145th street and Seventh avenue. Cogener Clorpo, the owner tugged at the reins as the horses galloped down the crowded avenue. Zimms saw them pass at 144th street and started after them. Several automobiles joined in pursuit. At 135th street Zimms came abreast of the galloping horses and seized the bridle of the near horse. He was jerked from his machine and it was ground under the wheels of the truck. At 129th street the wagon struck the curb, Clorpo was thrown from his seat and the horses shook the policeman off. Then they ran east in 129th street.

Dr. J. Smith Petersen, of No. 112 East 85th street, came up in his automobile and helped Zimms into the machine and began the chase again. They overtook the team at Lenox avenue and 129th street. Here the patrolman succeeded in stopping the horses.

MOB STONES PATROLMEN

Crowd of One Thousand Tries to Rescue Prisoners.

Two patrolmen were mobbed late last night at 26th street and Ninth avenue by a crowd of one thousand men, women and children, who attempted to take from them two prisoners. It was not until the arrival of fifteen reserves that the crowd was driven back and the policemen saved from probable death.

Patrolman Gidduff arrested two men on a charge of highway robbery. Suddenly one of them struck the officer a crushing blow in the face, and as the patrolman was grappling with him the other prisoner ran. A crowd quickly gathered, and cries of "Kill the cop!" were uttered. Patrolman Hooks then ran up and caught the other man several blocks away.

Two patrolmen and their prisoners started along Eleventh avenue, and cobble stones were picked up from the street by members of the crowd and hurled at the officers. The officers struck out valiantly with their nightsticks and held on to their men.

A person in the crowd who sympathized with the policemen telephoned to Police Headquarters and soon the reserves from the old West 20th station arrived. They charged the crowd and fought their way to the two officers and their prisoners, who later gave their names as Edward Kelly, twenty-six years old, and John McGinness, twenty-one years old.

Patrolman Gidduff was painfully bruised. The other officer was not much hurt.

SAD VOYAGE OF THE MOMUS

Officers and Strike Breakers Equally Distressed About Trip.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)
New Orleans, June 24.—"That was one beautiful trip," said a pale little New Yorker, as he stumbled off the gangplank of the Morgan liner Momus, which docked this morning, two days late, on her trip down from New York with a crew of strike breakers.

"Why, it'd be a relief to step off into hell after stoking for five days in that ship."

Which is nothing to what Captain John S. Boyd said. "Next time you catch me off Hatteras with a crew of sparrow-faced deck swabs it'll be raining herring," was one of his sentiments.

About eighty strike breakers were taken on to man the Momus; they were firemen, "able bodied seamen" and waiters. On the whole, the seamen were the least trouble. They were helpless from what was called in the first cabin "mal de mer," though it was fair weather nearly all the way down.

The waiters wouldn't wait and the firemen wouldn't fire, so a shift was made, and the waiters went into the stoke hold and the firemen into the dining room. Results were no better.

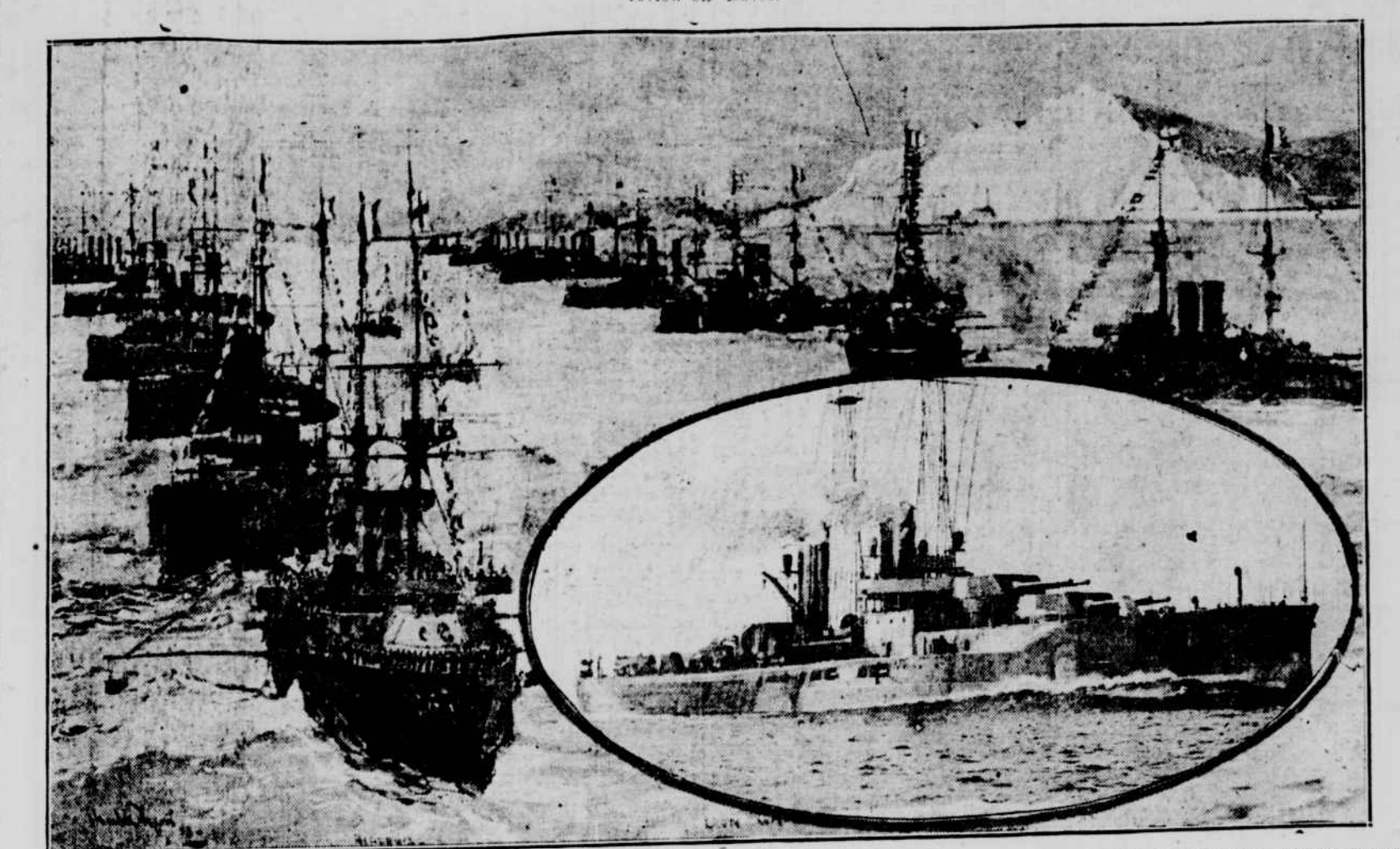
"There weren't five real men in the whole lot," said the chief engineer, Julius Dussel, Jr. "Ordinarily a fireman goes down and stays his four hours. These swabs would go down, then come up in twenty minutes. I had three hundred arguments and five real fights to keep steam up."

"They thought they were coming out on a pleasure cruise," said the second steward grimly. "When they found they couldn't sit in a steamer chair and press a button for drinks, they wanted to go ashore. Why, I had to get up mornings, and call them waiters myself, and then they'd go to sleep in the dining room."

The passengers report a pleasant trip, but not the officers or the strike break-

GREAT BATTLESHIPS OF BRITAIN'S NAVY, IN LINE FOR A REVIEW.

The scene at Spithead yesterday when King George passed between the lines of thundering warships was similar to that reproduced here of a recent naval review off Dover.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP DELAWARE, THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL BATTLESHIP IN YESTERDAY'S NAVAL PAGEANT.

GETS SPEECH AND REASON

Latter Restored After 21 Years by Operation.

New Haven, Conn., June 24.—An operation on the skull of Harry Witte, in St. Raphael's Hospital, has restored his reason, which left him twenty-one years ago, and his speech, which disappeared several months ago. Yesterday a piece of bone was removed which has been pressing upon his brain, and to-day when Dr. Morris Slattery, who performed the operation, visited the patient Witte called to him, "Hello, Doc." Witte lives in 45th street, New York City.

When a lad he stepped off the curb while playing ball one day and fell under a horse's hoofs. His brain was affected so badly that as soon as he was able to leave the hospital he was removed to an insane asylum. He has been kept under restraint most of the time since then, returning to his relatives, who removed to this city, at occasional lucid intervals.

Last fall his speech failed and the operation at St. Raphael's was resorted to as a desperate expedient. Witte is thirty-six years old.

STORY STIRRED MORSE

His Latest Appeal Prompted by a Newspaper Article.

Atlanta, June 24.—That the reading of a newspaper story led Charles W. Morse to apply for a writ of habeas corpus in an effort to secure his release from the federal prison here developed to-day in the hearing of the application before Judge Newman, in the United States District Court. Morse is serving a fifteen-year sentence for violation of the national banking laws.

Morse read that seven men convicted and sentenced in federal courts would not be sent to the Atlanta prison because they had not been sentenced to "hard labor" and because the act authorizing the construction of the prison here specifically stated that it was to be a prison for felons.

He determined that these facts fitted his own case, and when President Taft recently denied his application for a pardon he immediately took steps to have filed a petition for a habeas corpus writ.

The petition demanded a hearing on two grounds. It contended that as Morse was convicted on a misdemeanor charge, he cannot be incarcerated lawfully in a prison erected solely for felons. It is contended further that the fifteen-year sentence is excessive, in that the law limits the sentence to ten years on any one count on the offense charged against Morse.

The government met Morse's contention by recalling a case where a man convicted in a federal court on a misdemeanor charge had been sent to a state prison for felons. Judge Newman will hear further argument next Wednesday.

LIEUTENANT "IMPUDENT"

Park Commissioner Stover Complains Against Police Officer.

Because he said a police lieutenant in the West 152d street station house had been "insultingly impudent" to him, Park Commissioner Stover, while on a tour of the uptown playgrounds yesterday afternoon, called up Inspector Schmittberger at Police Headquarters and reported the conduct of the lieutenant.

With Acting Superintendent Hilty, Commissioner Stover had visited, among other playgrounds, the one just opened at 151st street and Amsterdam avenue. It was so packed with children that only a few could get at the swings and apparatus. Persons in the neighborhood have not complained about the children, but they have protested against the gangs of young men who have invaded the grounds at night.

The police station is just across the street from the grounds. Commissioner Stover and Mr. Hilty went there to find out why the police had not kept order in a place so near. The Park Commissioner could get no satisfaction from the lieutenant.

"But the regular officers on the beat should see to it," said the Commissioner. The self-satisfied air of the lieutenant and his evasive answer brought a sharp rejoinder from Commissioner Stover.

"Your impudence does not go with me," said the Park Commissioner, and then walked out of the station house and to a telephone booth next door. He then called up Inspector Schmittberger.

A short time afterward the Commissioner returned to the playground and found three patrolmen on duty there.

Quicker Time to West Virginia Coal Fields. Through Pullman sleeping car now leaves Penna. Station 6:30 P. M. daily for Natural Bridge, Roanoke and Gary, via Norfolk & Western. Splendid dining car service.—Adv.

WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE
IN POLO PONY RACE

Tina Hitchcock Wins Over Her Mother, Emily Randolph, Mrs. Lindsay and Eleanora Sears.

ALL BUT SHUN SIDE SADDLES

About One Hundred Persons Permitted to See Contest at the Country Club in Brookline, Mass.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)
Boston, June 24.—Wearing riding breeches and riding astraddle, three girls and one matron prominent in society indulged in a polo pony race amid intense enthusiasm from a small but select audience at the Brookline Country Club to-day. Another matron, Mrs. Emily Lindsay, of Philadelphia, wore a skirt and rode a side saddle.

Miss Tina Hitchcock, of Hempstead, Long Island, won the race by a 3-4, while the actions of the Back Bay and the sons of stablemen roared cheerily encouragement. The contestants are known socially on both sides of the Atlantic. They were Miss Eleanora Sears, of this city; Miss Tina Hitchcock, of Hempstead, Long Island; her mother, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of the same town; Miss Emily Randolph, of Lakewood, N. J., and Mrs. Emily Lindsay, of Philadelphia.

The race was in two laps, covering three-eighths of a mile. It was scheduled for 11 o'clock, but it was 11:50 when Charles Warren gave the word to start. The quietest drew lots for ponies, and the best mount was drawn by Miss Tina Hitchcock, according to the jockeys present, while Miss Sears drew Sam, the poorest pony in the stables, according to the same source.

When the starter gave the word to go the ponies darted off like a flash, with a burst of cheers from the grandstand, where about one hundred persons were seated. Miss Hitchcock flashed away ahead of the others, gaining a lead of fifty feet before the end of the first lap. The order was then as follows: Miss Hitchcock in the lead; Miss Randolph, second; Mrs. Lindsay, third; Mrs. Hitchcock, fourth, and far in the rear Miss Sears struggled hopelessly along.

The real excitement began with the beginning of the last lap. As the racers dashed toward the home stretch, it was seen that Miss Randolph was slowly catching up with Miss Hitchcock. Nearer and nearer she crept, while the grandstand cheered enthusiastically. Then Miss Randolph began to use her riding whip. She had the pole. The rider flogged with vigor, and the pony responded gamely.

Ahead, Miss Hitchcock, rapidly losing ground, shouted wildly to the little beast that bore her. Another whip flashed; but it was all useless. Faster and faster the rider behind was overtaking her. Behind Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Hitchcock were riding neck and neck. In the rear Miss Sears fought dauntlessly, although from the very beginning it was seen that she had no chance.

A shout went up from the grandstand as Miss Randolph's little black pony had crept up to Miss Hitchcock's mount. The two were neck and neck. By just a narrow margin Miss Randolph failed to win. Mrs. Lindsay was third, Mrs. Thomas J. Hitchcock was fourth, while Miss Sears struggled gamely along in the rear.

The judges were A. F. Frothingham and Alexander Higginson.

TRUSTED MAN HELD AS THIEF

Tiffany Employee in Jersey Arrested Charged with Alleged Stolen Goods.

Here with bringing stolen property into the State of New York, Henry Steupfer, of No. 1818 Ridge street, Short Hills, N. J., was locked up in Police Headquarters yesterday. Detectives say Steupfer had in his possession silver forks and spoons valued at \$30.

The police say that Steupfer broke down at Headquarters and admitted the property found on him was stolen. He said for nearly a quarter of a century he had been one of the trusted employees at the factory of Tiffany & Co. at Short Hills. He said he had a son employed by the same company in this city. It was while Steupfer was trying to pawn some of the things, the police say, that he was arrested.

BEAT BRIDE-ELECT IN
MINISTER'S PRESENCE

Leonard J. Boutwell, Who Says He Is Son of a Diplomat, Then Attempted Suicide.

HE HAD NEW YORK LETTERS

Man Giving a Similar Name Tried to Kill Himself in the West Side Y. M. C. A. on June 6.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)
Pensacola, Fla., June 24.—After stating that he came from New York City to marry, in order to avoid publicity of the event a man, who gave his name as Leonard J. Boutwell, on facing his intended bride this morning at the home of Archdeacon W. B. Allen, of the Episcopal diocese here, attacked her with his fists, administered a severe beating and later attempted suicide. He has been arrested. The police say that he refuses to make a further statement.

Boutwell came here several weeks ago with letters of introduction from some prominent New York Episcopal clergymen. Archdeacon Allen, after reading the letters, took Boutwell into his own home as a guest. Boutwell said he was the son of a former Senator, who now holds a diplomatic post in Switzerland.

His story to the Archdeacon was that he intended marrying a girl eighteen years old, who had been leading a wayward life. He was convinced of her real worth, he said, and intended to give her a name, as he loved her and was sure she would make him a good wife.

Boutwell got the license to-day and arranged for the ceremony. The couple met at the home of the Archdeacon. What was said, the clerkman will not reveal, but he says Boutwell brutally attacked the girl, knocking her insensible. He then fled to his room, locked the door and turned on the gas. The police broke in the door, resuscitated him and put him under arrest.

The girl to-night is at the Archdeacon's home unable to leave her bed. "Ella Woodward" is the name she gives. She is exceedingly pretty and seems well educated. Her home, she says is in New York State, but she will not say in what town. She came to Pensacola by way of New Orleans, but stayed in New Orleans only a few days.

When Boutwell reached here from New York he presented among letters of introduction to Archdeacon Allen one from the Rev. C. D. Woodson, of No. 14 West 109th street, whom he claims as godfather and close friend. Just prior to the hour set for the marriage Boutwell drew on the New York minister for \$100.

On June 6, a man giving his name as Leonard J. Boutwell and who said he was a son of ex-Congressman Henry Sherman Boutwell, of Illinois, now Minister to Switzerland, attempted suicide by trying to hang himself from the banister in the West Side branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 315 West 7th street. He was taken to Flower Hospital, where he recovered.

The following day he was arraigned in court by Roger S. Boutell, eldest son of the American Minister, who denounced him as an impostor.

WON'T GIVE TO MEMORIAL

Caldwell Man Says Cleveland Disliked Home Town.

Caldwell, N. J., June 25 (Special).—Grover Cleveland disliked the mention of the name of Caldwell, where he was born, and had repeatedly refused invitations to appear here on special occasions, is the statement made by Frank K. Phillips, of this borough, who gives this as his reason for declining to contribute to the fund proposed for the purchase of the Cleveland birthplace. Mr. Phillips says the movement is unpopular with other citizens here for the same reason.

Mr. Phillips says old citizens pointed out to him that when Mr. Cleveland left town sitting on the back part of the wagon containing his father's household goods, and inspired by what to him seemed the unjust ousting of his father, the Rev. Mr. Cleveland, from his Presbyterian pastorate, he had resolved never again to set foot in Caldwell.

CURTISS MAKES FAST TIME

Attains 80 Miles an Hour in His Hydro-Aeroplane.

Fall River, Mass., June 24.—Dodging in and out among pleasure craft, skimming above the water at one moment and the next flying above the boats, only to settle gracefully down again a few yards away, Glenn H. Curtiss gave some interesting demonstration of the working of the hydro-aeroplane here late to-day.

During all of his exhibitions Curtiss had as a passenger Lieutenant Theodore G. Ellyson, aeroplane expert of the War Department.

On his first appearance Curtiss spent some time in manoeuvring about the bay, and then, rising to a height of between three hundred and four hundred feet, circled about three times at a speed of seventy miles an hour. Later, with the wind at twenty-five miles an hour, he went through the performance again, this time attaining a speed of eighty miles an hour and remaining aloft twelve minutes.

TAKES POISON AS "CANDY"

Boy Sent to Drug Store Eats Sugar Coated Tablets.

Wilfred Quick, the six-year-old son of Mrs. Sarah Quick, who lives at No. 144 North 4th street, Williamsburg, swallowed a dozen tablets containing bichloride of mercury yesterday, and was taken to the Williamsburg Hospital, where it was said he would probably die.

The child's mother had sent him to a drug store with a prescription for the tablets. On the way home he examined them and they looked so much like candy that he was tempted to swallow one. The sugar coating prompted him to take more and by the time he reached his home he had taken the entire dozen.

Mrs. Quick noticed that her boy looked pale when he reached home, and she asked him if he was ill. He was explaining the eating of the tablets when he fell forward in convulsions.

CALLS MINISTER A SAMSON

Quebec Man Says Fielding Succumbed to Blandishments.

Winnipeg, Man., June 24.—Because he drew a parallel between Finance Minister Fielding and President Taft on the one hand and Samson and Delilah on the other, J. G. M. Bergeron, of Quebec, who is accompanying R. L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party, in a tour of the West against reciprocity, is being criticised by Western Canadian papers. The incident is causing an uproar among settlers from the United States and riots in future meetings are feared.

Bergeron, who is a possible minister if Borden regains power in the Dominion, in making his comparison, alleged that Mr. Fielding had succumbed to Presidential blandishments.

At Medicine Hat, Alberta, Mr. Bergeron said that in using the feminine comparison he had not intended any discourtesy to any woman in or out of the White House. He admitted, however, he had used the Samson and Delilah simile in referring to Minister Fielding and President Taft.

SHOOTS BROTHER-IN-LAW

Chief Inspector Schmittberger Fights Crowd—Makes Arrest.

Fighting his way through several hundred Italians, Chief Inspector Schmittberger arrested last evening Francesco Amodeo, of No. 324 6th street, and locked him up in the 5th street station on a charge of felonious assault. Amodeo is charged with shooting Giuseppe Locascio, of No. 7 St. Mark's Place, his brother-in-law. The latter was taken to Bellevue Hospital with five bullets in his body, and it was said there late last night that his condition was serious.

According to the police, Amodeo married Locascio's sister last October. Since then the feeling between the two has been everything but amicable. The two met in St. Mark's Place last night for the first time in several weeks. With Amodeo was another man. Several words followed between Amodeo and Locascio, and, at the suggestion of the stranger, Amodeo pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot his brother-in-law.

Inspector Schmittberger happened to be near the scene of the shooting.

DEWEY'S PORT WINE AND OLIVE OIL. Nothing more nourishing and strengthening. H. T. Dewey & Sons Co., 128 Fulton St., N.Y.—Adv.

THREE MEET DEATH
IN BOATHOUSE FIRE

Helen Wilson, of New York, and Mildred De Haven, of Brooklyn, Victims at Nantucket.

GUESTS OF WM. BARNES' SON

Blaze in Albany Leader's Boathouse Caused by Match Thrown on Newly Oiled Floor—Young People Jump Into Harbor—Valet Dies from Burns.

Nantucket, Mass., June 24.—Two young women, Miss Helen Wilson, of New York City, and Miss Mildred De Haven, of Brooklyn, and a valet, lost their lives in a fire which destroyed a boathouse owned by William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, to-night. Several others were injured, Thomas Kerr, of New York City, so badly that he may not recover.

In the party also were Thurlow Weed Barnes, 2d, son of the owner of the boathouse; Harry Wilson, Jr., Miss Phoebe Jenkins, Miss Ruth Wilson, all of New York, and Miss Tanner, of Buffalo. Miss Helen Wilson, who was killed, was the daughter of H. R. Wilson, of New York. Miss De Haven, the other victim, was the daughter of Hugh De Haven, of Brooklyn.

Ulysses Pahud was the valet of William Barnes, sr. He was burned about the body and head, and died shortly before midnight.

According to the story told by the young people who escaped, the fire was started by a match thoughtlessly thrown on a recently oiled floor. Almost immediately the room was filled with flames and those who escaped did so only by jumping overboard. The valet was one of the last to leave the boathouse, and he and Mr. Kerr were both seriously burned, while others of the party suffered minor injuries. The bodies of the dead were recovered, but both were burned beyond recognition.

Mother of Victim Collapses.

The death of Miss Wilson was reported to her mother, who is a guest at a hotel here, by the girl's brother and sister, Harry and Ruth Wilson. They rushed into the hotel with their clothing dripping, saying, "Mamma, we did all we could to save Helen, but she is burned to a crisp."

The mother immediately collapsed. Several of the young people who escaped death by jumping into the water were rescued by the crowd of summer people, who were attracted to the spot by the fire and the calls for help. The boathouse was in plain sight of a number of hotels and summer cottages. Few of the witnesses, however, realized until some time later that in the few minutes that the flames lasted two persons had lost their lives.

The young people were the guests of Thurlow Weed Barnes, 2d, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, who was having a house party. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes are not here at present.

Mr. Barnes Tells of Fire.

Although in a serious condition from inhaling smoke and fumes, young Barnes was able to tell a fairly complete story of the fire. He said: "We were sitting about the boathouse listening to a phonograph when one of the young men who was smoking threw a match to the floor. It landed close to a mop which had been used during the day to oil the floor and which was standing in the corner. Almost immediately the flames spread over the entire floor and a minute later the room was a mass of fire."

"All of the doors were closed, and with one accord we started for them. Miss Wilson and Miss De Haven went to the wrong door and were pained in a small room. The rest of us reached the outer air and were able to save ourselves by jumping into the water. When we realized that Miss Wilson and Miss De Haven had not escaped there was no way for us to go back after them. Miss Wilson was twenty-one years old and Miss De Haven eighteen years old."

Two Men Likely to Die.

Young Barnes and Thomas Kerr are the most seriously injured. Kerr's recovery is doubtful. The only members of the party to escape without injury were Harry and Ruth Wilson, brother and sister of the burned girl, and Miss Phoebe Jenkins. Miss Tanner, whose home is in Buffalo, had her clothing burned, and was slightly injured.

Two employees, who were in another part of the building, escaped with difficulty, but were uninjured.

The fire destroyed many thousand dollars worth of valuable furniture, personal effects, bric-a-brac and curios belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. No estimate of the property loss has been made, but it will be heavy, it was said to-night.

The boathouse, one of the largest and most valuable structures of its kind on the island, stood on the end of Commercial Wharf, surrounded on three sides by water, so that the town's fire fighters could not get near enough to do effective work.

BARNES GOES TO SCENE

Cannot Understand Why Victims Did Not Escape.

Mr. Barnes first heard of the fire when he returned to the Hotel Manhattan, where he is staying, shortly after midnight. He was greatly excited, and made immediate arrangements to start for Nantucket on the 1 o'clock train this morning. He said the members of the party were all friends of his, and he knew them only slightly. He thought Mr. Kerr was a broker in this city.

Mr. Barnes said he was unable to understand how the fire could trap any one in the boathouse. It was a one-story structure and there were plenty of windows and doors through which escape was possible. Because of lack of details Mr. Barnes said he could say nothing further about the fire.

Miss Mildred De Haven was the daughter of Hugh De Haven, the president of